

THE  
 LAST GUINEA:  
 A  
 POEM.

—————*Heu! deficit alter  
 Aureus, O simili frondeſcat Virga Metallo.*

VIRG.



EDINBURGH,

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T O

WILLIAM DALE Esq;

S I R,



P O E M on a New  
Uncommon Subject, can-  
not better recommend it  
self to the Publick, than  
under the Protection of  
One, whose happy Ge-  
nius at improving of  
great and useful Schemes,

distinguishes him among Mankind; and  
makes him as much the Object of their  
Praise, as he is the Promoter of their For-  
tunes and Interest. This is so much your  
Character, that it is as impossible for You  
to escape this Dedication, as it is for you  
to conceal your Virtues. No Body can be a  
Stranger to them, and least of all Men a  
Poet.

Had

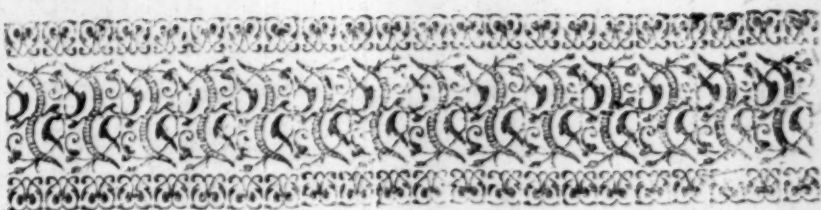
*Had the Writer your happy Talents of multiplying the last Guinea, he could not have had the Leisure of being so poetically sorrowful at its Departure: And as it comes forth now, only with the Hopes of an Increase, may it prove the Seed of more Gold! And being flung into so warm a Bed as yours, rise up and flourish to the Author's Satisfaction. He, I assure you, thinks himself happy, that it gives an Occasion of applauding that Merit in publick, which he has always admired in private; being,*

S I R,

Your very Obedient

Humble Servant.





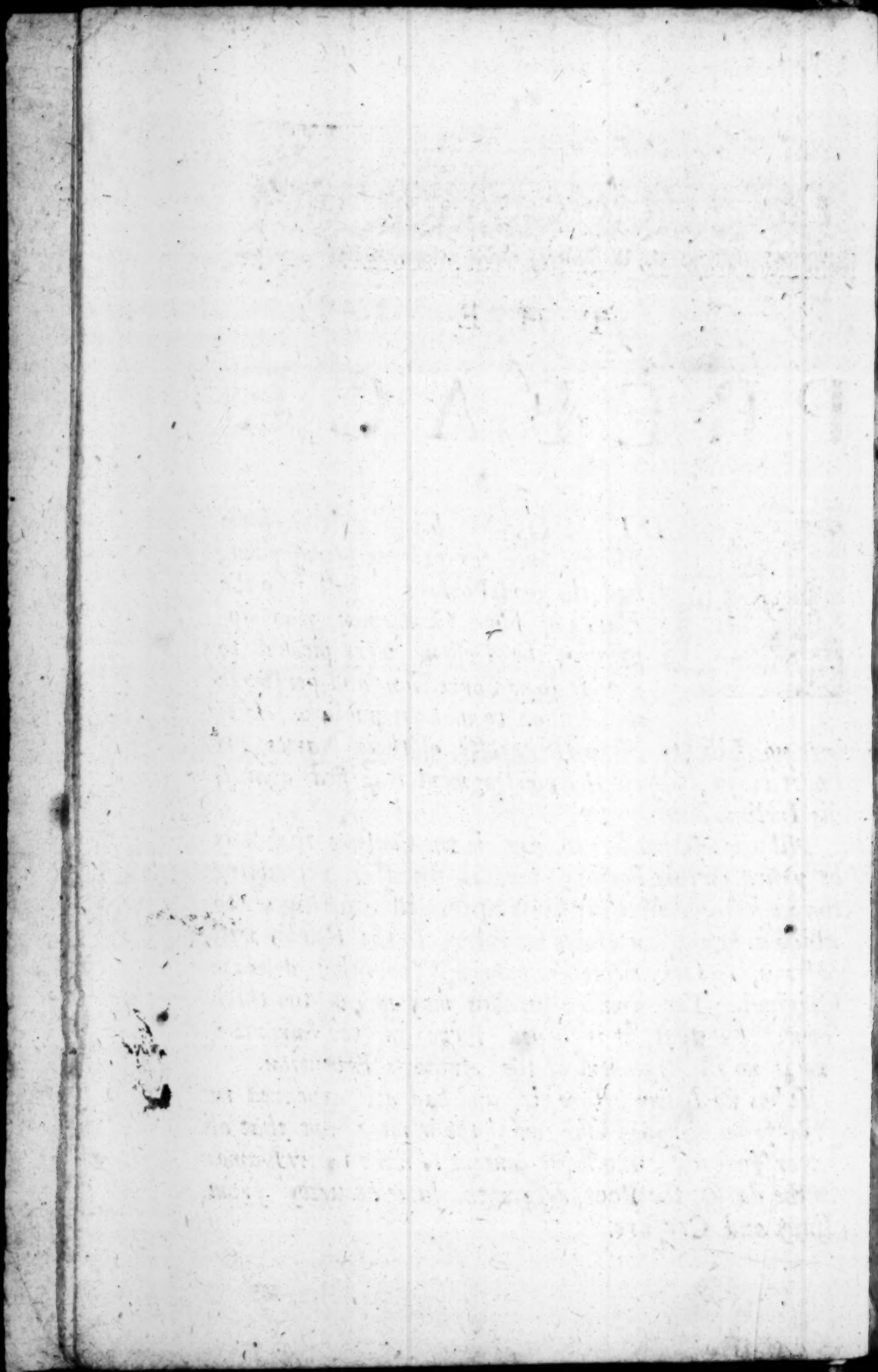
T H E  
P R E F A C E.



*HIS POEM* being written some Months since, for private Amusement, had the good Fortune to fall into the Hands of some Gentlemen, who approving the Design, were pleas'd to give it some Correction, and perswade the Author to make it publick. Having no Liberty of making Use of their Names, his Ambition of an open Acknowledgment is sisted against his Inclination.

All the Author has to fear, is the Censure that may be passed on this Performance, as too near resembling the Subject of Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling; to which as he was an entire Stranger, so the Reader will observe, no Ornaments are borrow'd from that delicate Original. The Similies perhaps may appear too thick sown; but that, it is hoped, increases the Surprise, and is no ill Argument of the Author's Invention.

It has no Name before it, and had not appeared in Print from the good Opinion of the Writer, but that of better Judges; who being content to have their Names in the dark, the Poet desires the same Security from Envy and Censure.





T H E  
 L A S T   G U I N E A :  
 A  
 P O E M.

P O O R Relict of my once known yellow Store,  
 Must thou be chang'd, and I have Gold no more?  
 To earn thee, oft I've exercis'd my Brain,  
 Small the Reward, but grateful was the Pain.  
 Thou hast reliev'd the Troubles of the Day,  
 And sooth'd my Soul, whilst I in Slumbers lay.  
 In Storms at Sea, and Journeys on the Land,  
 I had a Friend, whilst I could thee command.  
 I've prov'd thy Guide, and thou my Honour's Guard,  
 And that we now should part, is wond'rous hard.

B

Thy

Thy Mold's th' Semblance of that blisful Time,  
 When Want of Wealth was a reproachful Crime.  
 From Avarice its guilty Grandeur rose,  
 And still with Vice its gilded Value grows.  
 The wicked Magick of its fatal Charms,  
 Makes War of Peace, and Friendships rise in Arms.  
 Its dire Infection, like the tainting Itch,  
 Spreads round th' Ambition of becoming rich.  
 Great is its Worth, but greater its Abuse,  
 Yet Men its Service with these Evils chuse.  
 To make it sacred, Princes, in their Coin,  
 The Signs of Empire and their Image joyn:  
 For 'tis profane on any worthless thing,  
 To prostitute the Arms and Figure of a King.

Thou art a *Charles*—He was a gen'rous Man,  
 But much he suffer'd ere his Reign began.  
 May that to me a Change of Fate portend!  
 May Days of want in Years of Plenty end!  
 The Image bears the Greatness of his Mind;  
 It seems to smile and labour to be kind.



A P O E M.

3

Wer't thou a *George*, I'd spare *Thee* for his sake,  
And *Thee* the Guardian of my Fortune make ;  
The Charms of *George* fierce Poverty might tame,  
Since Wars and Tyrants own the peaceful Name.

Here on this Side you boast the Herald's Part,  
But that's no Cordial for a poor Man's Heart.  
Here Lyons couch, and there a Lyon roars ;  
Men rage in Want, but are serene in Stores.  
The sternest Aspect shew'd the greatest Mind,  
When by these symbols War was first design'd.  
There Lilies shew the fickle Pride of *France*,  
Melting away almost as they advance ;  
No fading thing in Greatness can endure,  
Who's rich to Day, to morrow may be poor.  
The Harp there bends its melancholy Strings,  
Ah! Musick Sadness to the Thoughtful Brings.  
A Crown its Honours on the whole conveys,  
A Sceptre there its Majesty displays ;  
The sword defends it by an awful Force ;  
A double Cross forbodes me something worse.

Vain is the Pomp that loads these gaudy Fields,  
It doleful Omens, but no Comfort, yields.

You Guineas are good natur'd easy Folks,  
Your Principle no Company provokes ;  
You have no Conscience, tho' an humane shape,  
Are singly dumb, but rattle in an Heap.  
You come with Pleasure, and Depart with Pain,  
As Lovers meet, and take their Leave again :  
You rise and fall as Humours take the Great,  
Too true an Emblem of a Courtier's Fate :  
You court the Worthless, and neglect the Best,  
As Fools are most by flatt'ring Knaves carest.  
They keep you best who least can you employ,  
As Eunuchs guard the Fair they can't enjoy.  
When most secure, you frequently are stole,  
As Accidents our purpos'd Joys controul.  
Where'er you are our whole Attention lies,  
As *Sylvia* is the Centre of all Eyes.  
Of ev'ry Virtue you supply the Place,  
Wit to the Mind, and Beauty to the Face.

The Pope strange Wonders of his Keys may tell,  
But you command his Paradise, or Hell.

Thou, in thy Time, hast many Circles run,  
Both Good and Ill, in thy Adventures, done.  
Your Course of Life is like a Pilgrim State,  
But adds no Knowledge to thy thoughtless Pate:  
As Squires, who travel half the Globe around,  
Wise as before on their Return are found.  
Ere thou wast mine, thou, like a Statesman's Heart,  
Or veering Winds, couldst play'd a different Part,  
The Loyal Subject, or the Rebel act,  
Defend the Church, or propagate a Sect.  
Oft hast thou pled an injur'd righteous Cause,  
Oft falsely sworn, oft made pernicious Laws;  
For Parliament unfaithful Members chose,  
And, in Debate, for either Question rose;  
Too oft oppos'd the Measures of the Court,  
Then, shifting Sides, with Zeal hast voted for't,  
Oft in the Field for Liberty hast fought,  
And Posts and Honours for the Worthless bought.  
O! may thy last great Actions, when thou'rt gone,

Make rich Amends and former Crimes atone!  
 When thou art chang'd, exert for me thy Pow'r,  
 In deeds, a Guinea ne'er essay'd before.  
 The World you know, each old Acquaintance find,  
 Search every Treasure, gather every Friend,  
 'Till shining Bright with Thousands in thy Train,  
 Thou com'st triumphant to my Purse again.  
 If Monarch like, you bring attendant Bands,  
 Thy Praise shall eccho from my busy Hands,  
 And, when whole Heaps uncelebrated lie,  
 You shall be sung in Verse that ne'er can die.

As when a Consul, Victor in the War,  
 Return'd to *Rome*, in a triumphant Car,  
 'Midst valiant Legions marching in Array,  
 And Captive Nations, to renown the Day,  
 The City hail'd him with deserv'd Applause,  
 Nor dy'd his Honours with the loud Huzza's;  
 For Arches rose to see the Hero pass,  
 And still he lives a Conqueror in Brass.

Alas!



Alas! this Lecture can't my Pains abate,  
They still increase as I thy Power relate.  
To keep thee safe I've fasted now till Noon,  
Nor cool'd my Liver in the Heats of June.  
Sure, of my Grief thou feel'st a friendly Share,  
While thus I sigh, and on thy Colour stare.  
E'en Rocks relent, as wand'ring Shepherds mourn,  
And doleful Echo's their Complaints return.  
Hard Steel it self, like Ice, dissolves away,  
When in the Centre of collected Day.

Thy Sympathy I see, thy Brightness fails,  
And Dimness o'er thy Radiance now prevails.  
'Tis thy Compassion hinders thee to melt,  
Since Want, alas! would then too soon be felt.  
Tho' in fine Artists seldom you delight,  
And hate the Poets with a mortal Spite;  
(An ancient Complaint! deduc'd from time to time,  
By the worst Right, hereditary Rhime.)  
Yet now, as conscious of my anxious Pain,  
Thou Pity tak'st, and gladly wou'dst remain.  
As when a Sire is of Nine Sons bereft,  
The only One, his Age's Comfort, left,

In Death can feel a Parent's bitter Grief,  
 Prepar'd to die, would live for his Relief.

When thou art gone what shall become of me?  
 Where'er thou go'st, Mankind take Care of thee;  
 And yet thou may'st from Hand to Hand be tost,  
 Or in some Miser's rusty Coffers lost,  
 Or purchase Port, or be at *Ombre* play'd,  
 Or bribe a Strumpet, or debauch a Maid,  
 Be sent to *Paris* and employ'd in Stocks,  
 Buy Villains Pardon, or Gallants the Pox,  
 Make Judges e'en with wholesom Laws dispense,  
 And deem that Guilt which they know Innocence.  
 Were it thy hap in the *South-sea* to swell,  
 I might forget this sorrowful Farewel;  
 For there small Sums to mighty Treasures grow,  
 As Rills uniting into Rivers flow;  
 Or as, when Men some distant Fame convey,  
 The Tale improves, and lengthens with the way.

Dear Deep of Wealth, by whose attractive Force  
 The golden Streams direct their winding Course,

And

And gath'ring Water to supply the Main,  
The Vales and Mountains of their Moisture drain;  
Proud of their Treasure, musically glide,  
And lose the whole Collection in the Tide:  
'Till warm'd by Day, they rise in shining Clouds,  
Then visit Mortals in descending Floods,  
And paying Hills and Dales the Debts they owe;  
Their former Channels narrow Banks o'erflow.

The silent Main wakes by a gentle Breeze,  
And high-blown Winds torment the lab'ring Seas,  
The Stocks serene so Whispers discompose,  
And make them die mysterious as they rose.  
If Rumours fly, imported from afar,  
Of faithless Tyrants, or a rising War,  
Then strange Convulsions they begin to feel,  
Embroid'd by Fame, from high ~~now~~ they reel.  
Then you may Perish, founder'd in the Storm;  
For what can'st thou, in such distress, perform?  
Yet go thou must, tho' Storms, by pow'ful Force,  
Shou'd dash my Hopes, in thy advent'rous Course.

But

But ere we Part, my best Instructions take:

O mind them well, and mind them for my Sake.

“ If envious Blasts the Golden Sea controul,

“ And persecute the Partner of my Soul,

“ Some mighty *Neptune*, who commands the Deep

“ At thy Request, will bid the Tempest sleep.

“ *George* is a Great, a powerful, Peaceful Lord,

“ Empires are hush, if he but speak the Word.

“ But if that God allow the Waves to roar,

“ Retreat to *Africk*’s hospitable Shore;

“ The Land, where *Trojans* cou’d a *Dido* find,

“ While *Chandos* rules, must be a Stranger’s Friend.

“ If forc’d from thence, by some severe Decree,

“ May *Harborough* thy wisht for *Latium* be,

“ Or seek a blest Asylum here at home,

“ And let *Tork-Buildings* be, where *Hammond* is,

~~any~~ Dome.

“ If still the Pow’rs shou’d cross thy fond Design,

“ Humbly retire e’en to a Copper Mine.

“ O! be not proud, for (as ths Poets tell)

“ The Sybil led *Aeneas* down to Hell.

“ Your



A P O E M.

11

" Your Mold first came from such a Place as this

" Again be buried, ere you rise to Bliss.

Now Nature calls, and that's a firm Decree,

Then, precious Piece, once more adieu to thee.

Ah! bring a Dram—The sympathizing Glas

Trembles like me, and seems to share my Case.

Pleasure farewell, my Guinea I deplore :

Who wou'd not mourn when he has Gold no  
more ?

O may we meet in more auspicious Times,

When Gold on Gold shall strike harmonious  
Chimes!

A sweeter Sound than sympathizing Rhimes.

We'll share the Joys of a more blissful State,

And wonder at the various Turns of Fate,

Fortune with Fortune pleasantly compare,

Experienc'd grow, and feast in purer Air.

These Silver shillings with less Lustre shine,

Pale as my Lips, few Days they will be mine.

Ah! then what shall my Pockets fresh recruit,  
 To pay for Lodgings, and an half worn Suit,  
 Keep me from Goal, be Drink of ev'ry Sort,  
 A Slice of Beef, sometimes——a Pint of Port.  
 (Misers may quaff the foul insipid Beer ;  
 Nectar alone a Poet's Soul can cheer.)  
 Like *Hercules*, by an immortal Toil,  
 Give that rude Monster Poverty the Foil,  
 And (if the Fates should disregard my Pray'rs)  
 Afford a Pipe, at least, to whiff away my Cares.

But now 'tis time that I begin to save,  
 For Wine to Silver is a liquid Grave.  
 And when no Gold a Poet's Pocket lines,  
 'Tis criminal to taste the Juice of Vines.  
 All Money chang'd, the less by changing grows,  
 And thro' our Hands with silent wastings flows,  
 Like *Mercury*, when pour'd upon the Floor,  
 Each Stroke divides and multiplies the Store.  
 This thing and that we reckon due Expence,  
 This we must have, nor yet with that dispense:

And

And, when no Rents come flowing in as fast,  
The Purse is drain'd to Emptiness at last.  
As when a Pool is sluic'd in all its Sides,  
Thro' ev'ry Vent the slipp'ry Water glides,  
No living Streams supply the swift Decay,  
The Source is dry'd, and Riv'lets die away.

Methinks I see these Silver Friends turn few,  
And Halfpence them, as they the Gold, pursue.  
Already Crowns to Shillings have giv'n place,  
And these assume the Guineas splendid Grace;  
Whilst one remains, I will not quite despair,  
Hope after Hope shall still relieve my Care.  
And when they're spent, as dubious of my Doom,  
I'll e'en think what's of ev'ry Piece become.  
So Men in Health ne'er mind how Time decays,  
Nor what consumes the Treasure of their Days;  
Till ebbing Life is to the lowest wrought,  
When Forms of Horror rise in ev'ry Thought,  
And in dark Shades Eternity appears,

One Hour, one Moment's worth a Length of Years;  
In Pangs the precious Minutes past they view,  
And, dreading what's to come, would fain their  
Days renew.

F I N I S



1827/21